

Daily Eagle

MOTHER GOOSE RHYMES.

THEY ARE THE SUBJECT OF STUDY
BY CONGRESSMAN NORWOOD.The Valuable Literary Work Likely to Be
the Result of His Investigations—The
Invention of an Illinois Youth for the
Protection of Uncle Sam's Soldiers.[Special Correspondence.]
WASHINGTON, Oct. 14.—Congressman Norwood, of Georgia, who enjoys the proud distinction of being one of the two members of the last house who have occupied seats in the United States senate and who, in 1897, a couple of years ago he wrote and published at his own expense a novel of Washington life. He actually made money on it, which shows that Mr. Norwood has either remarkable literary talent or good business abilities. Mr. Norwood was last winter laughed atTHE MOTHER GOOSE STATESMAN.
by his fellow members of the house because he had nearly all the time of his leisure devoted to the study of the history of the United States. He was very fond of the study of the history of the United States, and he was very fond of the study of the history of the United States.

He was very fond of the study of the history of the United States, and he was very fond of the study of the history of the United States. He was very fond of the study of the history of the United States, and he was very fond of the study of the history of the United States.

The man in the wilderness asked me,
How many strawberries grew in the sea?
I answered him as I thought good,
An many red herrings as grew in the wood.

On another occasion a prominent statesman declared with much earnestness that if the government gave away all its lands to railroads it would have any left for settlers, whereupon Mr. Norwood promptly quoted:

As Tommy Snooks and Dossy Brooks
Were walking out one Sunday,
Saw Tommy Snooks to Dossy Brooks,
"Tomorrow will be Monday."

Of still another orator, one who had the unfortunate habit of saying his say over and over again, the Georgia littérateur says:

Cook Robin got up early,
At the break of day,
And went to Jenny's window
To sing a roundelay.He sang Cook Robin's love
To the pretty Jenny Wren,
And when he got into the end,
Then he began again.

Thus Mr. Norwood was always ready with a proverb or a saying drawn from the pages of Mother Goose. He was not long in earning the sobriquet of "Pappy Goose," and one of the regular members drew a picture of the Georgian as—

Old Pappy Goose, when
He wanted to wander,
Would ride through the air
On a very fine gander.

But those of Mr. Norwood's colleagues who thought him approaching childishness must now acknowledge their error. His devotion to Mother Goose is genuine, his mind is a treasury of a pretty good method in it. After two or three years of research and labor, Mr. Norwood is about to give to the world a large volume in which he makes historical, analytical and critical review of the world's famous melodies and jingles. In preparing this work the author has consulted the books of a dozen large libraries both in this country and Europe.

He finds that the melodies had their roots in the child life of all peoples. Little Jack Horner, for instance, was the mischievous son of a noble Roman about 2,000 years before he sat in the corner of an English country house. The little Tommy Green who put pussy in the well—

What a naughty boy was that
To try and drown poor pussy cat,
Who never had any home,
But killed the mouse in his father's barn—

Has lived a good many centuries and in a good many countries. Babies of all colors and climes, from Greenland's icy mountains to India's coral strands, have had their wee wee pulled to the tune of the pig that went to market and the pig that staid at home, while the "one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten" method of counting out in children's games as old as China, Mr. Norwood has discovered.

THE BOOMERANG SHIELD.
The author will trace out the origin of many of these jingles, and show us their beginnings away back in the misty past. He will, moreover, show the great influence Mother Goose has had upon the literature of all peoples, who have made the most of her poems, what inspirations she has given writers and rhymesters. It is, therefore, safe to predict that after Mr. Norwood has published his book we shall have in addition to a child-like love a genuine veneration for good old Mother Goose, and be ready to thank the statesman who was willing to forego the tariff and politics for a study of the ancient dame.

Mr. Norwood has very well-defined and practical ideas as to the manner in which he is to improve the wonderful history of Mother Goose's melodies upon the public. He is not a crank. There are cranks in this country, and the extraordinary handwriting of a number of them may be found in the construction, engineering and ordinance and gunnery divisions of the army and navy. Strange, but true, that the inventors who think they are revolutionizing warfare are men who never had any experience of war, and that the designers of devices warranted to blow the English navy and all other navies out of water are men who never smelled salt water, and who have passed their lives

amid waters navigable for nothing more formidable than ducks and shingles. In the war and navy building there is quite a museum of these crank inventions—guns, ships, torpedoes, armor, dynamite, cannons, etc.

Among the most interesting of these devices is one which was sent in by a young man of Illinois who admits that he never saw a battle or even an army, excepting only the militia of his native county. "But," he writes to the war department, "I believe I have invented an article which will revolutionize warfare on land. It is a shield for the use of infantry troops in battle. Every soldier provided with one of these will go to the front in the hottest fire in perfect safety. The shield is a piece of thin, light steel, about 2 1/2 feet wide and 6 feet high, and arranged in a pair of convex figures on a light, strong frame, mounted on wheels or runners. In battle each soldier in the front rank pushes one of these ahead of him. If the ground is reasonably smooth he uses the wheels. If there is mud or snow on the ground, he takes off the wheels, puts them in the box and uses the broad runners.

If the ground is so unfavorable that he can use neither runners nor wheels, and the Chinese has to be carried, he takes it apart. The top shield can be carried by one soldier, the under one by another, the frame by a third and the platform and runners by a fourth. Only a minute is required to take it apart, and the four men can stop anywhere and in another minute put it together again, and gain perfect protection from the enemy's bullets. As only the front line of soldiers in a regiment needs this protection, there will be plenty of men to carry, even on long marches, all the shields that may be needed. One line of shields placed close together gives protection to all the men in the ranks behind. "Soldiers protected by my shields," continues the young inventor, "can not only fight in safety, but they can fight more effectively. Their commanders will not hesitate, out of fear of loss of life, to order them anywhere. No assault will be too difficult for them to undertake. Their fire will be more effective, because each soldier sticks his gun through a little porthole, which gives him a perfect rest and makes it well nigh certain that he will not fire over the enemy's head. Each of these portholes is covered with a swinging piece of metal, which the soldier pushes back with his gun, and which falls back into place as soon as the gun is withdrawn. Three men, one standing erect, one bending over and a third kneeling, can fire through the shield together. Another advantage is that a small machine gun, throwing a scattering fire of hundreds of balls a minute, could be attached to the frame and be operated by one or two soldiers, who would be safe from the fire of the enemy's small arms."

The inventor then calls attention to the moral effect of the use of his device. Fighting in security our soldiers would not know what fear is, and hence there would be no danger of rout or confusion. The enemy, on the other hand, would have no heart to fight against troops under cover. He would despair of victory and soon succumb.

"But I haven't yet described the strongest feature of my device," adds the ingenious young person. "The convex steel plates are highly polished, presenting a surface on which bullets will glance like skates on ice. The shape of the plates is such that the enemy's bullet striking them will be first deflected and then thrown back with great force. Thus my invention not only protects the soldiers using it, but lets the enemy with his own balls. Could human ingenuity go further?"

We think not, but it makes an obvious effort to do so in this very instance, for the inventor immediately adds:

"Not alone in battle is my device useful. These shields could be made to take the place of tents on a rapid march. By turning them up on the ground the soldiers could provide themselves dry, warm sleeping places, keeping off snow, rain and dew."

And then the young man closes his letter, as nearly all inventors of devices used to revolutionize warfare do close their letters, by saying:

"I give Uncle Sam the first chance at this. If he doesn't want it, let me know quick, and I'll sell it to some other government."

ROBERT GRAVES.

The "Silent City."
An artist named Huser, representing a photographing establishment, is now in Alaska investigating the remarkable mirage discovered by Professor Willoughby. At first he took euphuistic grounds against the "Silent City," and ridiculed the mirage among the glaciers. On his way to Sitka, three weeks ago, Huser stopped at the Muir glacier and made a number of views. After he left the Muir glacier he informed De Groot, a local photographer, that he had seen a startling mirage while making his views.

In support of the opinion that is gaining ground that Professor Willoughby's "Silent City" is not a myth, the statements of two gentlemen who solemnly declare that they saw the mirage of the city in Glacier bay on July 2 last is published. From what is learned as to the credibility of these witnesses, they appear to be reliable and enjoy a reputation for candor and uprightness. Christie is a foreman at the extensive Bartlett Bay cannery, and his home is in Astoria, where his family now are and where he is well known. The statement is:

Bartlett Bay Cannery, Aug. 23, 1898.
Robert Christie and George Patterson, in the presence of Luman B. French, Charles R. Lord, H. Willoughby and Miss W. Bruce, make the following statement to Willoughby: On the 24 of July, 1898, while sailing from Muir, Alaska, we saw what is known as James Bay, just south of Willoughby Island, about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, we suddenly saw rising out against the side of the mountain what appeared to be houses, churches and other large structures. It appeared to be a city of extensive proportions, perhaps fifteen or twenty thousand inhabitants. We watched the apparition for a long time, and think it was visible for an hour or more. We further aver that at the time we had never heard of what is called the "Silent City," or that Professor Willoughby had photographed it. We are satisfied that it was a mirage from its appearance.

ROBERT CHRISTIE.

GEORGE PATTERSON.

—Victoria Cor. San Francisco Chronicle.

Burr and Hamilton.

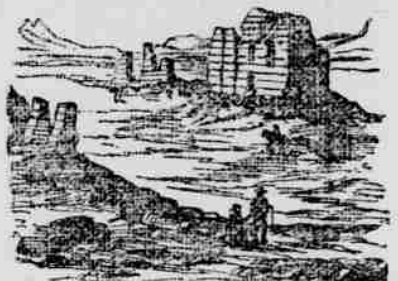
A well-known gentleman, recently deceased, one day related the following incident: "I was standing in my street door raising my umbrella, and just about to issue forth on important business into the midst of a sudden and heavy fall of rain. An old lady at that moment passed the pavement quite untroubled by the drenching storm. I immediately sprang out and offered her the shelter of my umbrella and to accompany her to her residence. She courteously accepted the service. Having arrived at her home, which was near the president's house, after the most pleasant conversation along the way, I had bid her adieu and turned to depart when she said, with all the sweetness of olden times: 'To whom am I indebted for this great kindness?' 'My name,' I replied, 'is Burr.' 'And mine,' she added, 'emotion overpowering her almost to fainting—' is Hamilton.' This was the only conversation of Alexander Hamilton, our first secretary of the treasury, who was slain in a duel by one whose name I unfortunately bear."—Washington Press.

PRE-HISTORIC AMERICA.

RUINS OF THE GILA RIVER, WHICH
THE GOVERNMENT WILL SAVE.These Relics Have Been Known Since the
Time of Cabeza de Vaca—Proof of Their
Antiquity, and a Vivid Description of
Them.

[Special Correspondence.]

CINCINNATI, Oct. 15.—The recent order of Secretary of the Interior Noble to the director of the geological survey instructing him to immediately take the necessary steps to repair and protect from decay the venerable ruins along the Gila river, in Arizona, will be the means of saving to future ages these rare relics of pre-historic America. On March 2 of this year the fifteenth congress, on the eve of its dissolution, passed an act appropriating \$2,000 for this purpose, and a special agent was appointed to visit the ruins and report on their condition and the best means of keeping them from further decay.

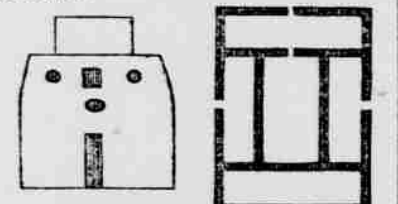


THE CASA GRANDE.

These ruins have been known to people of the present civilization since the time of Cabeza de Vaca, a famous Spanish cavalier and explorer, who made a journey across the American continent about 1535. The ruins were first named by him Casa Grande de Corazon, a governor of New Galicia, to visit them a few years later, and, as a proof of their great antiquity, he says that the Pima Indians, who then occupied the country, as their fathers had done for centuries, had no previous knowledge of the origin of the ruins of the town which they believed had at one time existed there. There is a tradition that they were erected by Montezuma, and represent one of the stages of his progress south into Mexico; that he planned to build here the metropolis of his empire, and that the "Casa Grande" meaning "Great House," as it now exists, is the ruined palace built for himself; that for some reason, possibly the severity of the climate, he abandoned his project and his palace and moved on into Mexico, where he displaced the Toltecs and reigned in glory until the time of the conquering Cortes.

The special agent of the government recently sent out reports against this tradition, and thinks he has found, in the differing style of architecture or construction, evidence that they were the work of a people who inhabited that valley ages before the time of Aztec or Toltec. The oldest Indian tradition known to them only as "the ruins," unless, indeed, there is buried in the carefully guarded records of the ancient and jealous Zunis the history of these wonderful and mysterious silent monuments of a remarkable and extinct race.

These ruins, that after the lapse of so many years are now to receive the attention of the United States government, are situated in a great undulating plain about midway between the stations of Casa Grande and Florence, seven or eight miles south of the Gila river.

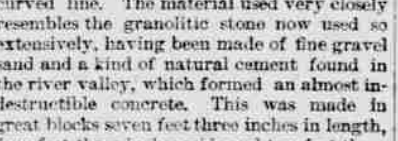


ELEVATION. GROUND PLAN.

The building which the government proposes to preserve is one of the three buildings all included within a space of 150 yards, and is the best preserved of the three, its four exterior walls and most of the inner ones remaining. De Coronado describes it as four stories high, but since his visit the storms of the intervening centuries have beaten away the greater portion of the top story so that now little of it remains, and the interior is fast filling with the crumbling ruins. As late as 1777 Father Font found the buildings surrounded with evidences of a wall extending from north to south and from east to west 290 feet and there were twelve buildings, all of which attest the rapid depopulation of the elements.

The Casa Grande itself is sixty feet in length and forty in width. The first story is thirteen feet in height, the second nine, the third eight, and there are indications that the fourth was the same as the third. The walls are four and five feet thick, though De Coronado reports them six feet thick at the time of his visit. The interior is perpendicular, but the outside tapers toward the top in a curved line. The material used very closely resembles the granitic stone now used so extensively, having been made of the gravel sand and a kind of natural cement found in the river valley, which formed an almost indestructible concrete. This was made in great blocks seven feet three inches in length, four feet three inches wide and two feet three inches thick. All the walls, interior and exterior, were constructed of the same material, and are supposed to have been built by mixing the ingredients in large boxes the size of the blocks, and when the concrete became sufficiently hard, moving the boxes further along. This was a rapid mode of building.

There are walls on the outside of the building, while the surface of the inner walls has a hard, smooth finish and still bears quite a polish. Upon this surface are rude simple hieroglyphic figures drawn in red. There are inscriptions by which any memoir or history can be traced. They seem rather to have been ornamental designs or, perhaps, the daubings of the Indians, of which the following is a sample:



A Hieroglyphic.

There are four entrances, one in the center of each side, which in shape resemble those of the ancient edifices of Central America and Yucatan. The only exterior opening, except the doors above named, are the windows shown in the western elevation, three of which are circular and one square. The northeast and west elevations are quite well preserved, but the southeast has fallen in several places, and is covered by large fissures, the marks of the disintegrating work of the elements. It is on this front that the first work of the government will be bestowed.

The ground plan of the building shows that all the apartments were long and narrow, and without windows. This has led some writers to suggest that the building was a great storehouse, possibly for corn, instead of the residence of the king. The ground plan shows the arrangement of these apartments and their connections. The largest room is 24 feet by 16 feet. The holes in which the ceiling timbers were placed are plainly seen, and the earlier visitors found the ends of the joists still in place and charred as though the building had been devastated by fire. These timbers were four or five inches in diameter and placed equal distances apart, in manner of placing the corresponding timbers of modern houses. Early writers say there were no evidences of the use of any sharp instrument in the construction of the building, as all of these timbers, even the timbers of the doors, some of which remained, were undressed, except for the removal of the bark. Now there is not a splinter of wood to be found, all having been carried away by relic hunters during the last half century.

The height of the building is about forty feet, and in the center rises a tower that to the present time is eight or ten feet higher than the outer walls.

It is estimated that the \$2,000 appropriated will put this monument of an extinct mighty people in a condition in which it may be preserved for many centuries at slight expense from time to time, and thus keep it from crumbling and becoming another mound on this vast plain now full of these indistinguishable ruins that mark what was at one time the site of busy life and industry.

GEORGE S. McDOWELL.

THE MOCKING BIRDS OF YOSEMITE.

Feathered Songsters That Possess Many
Charming Characteristics.

[Special Correspondence.]

SAN FRANCISCO, Oct. 10.—Few of those who have journeyed even quite a long time in Yosemite valley are aware that it is filled with myriads of mocking birds, the other birds and some overwintering all else, and besides, the birds make their haunts as far as possible from the places where the travelers go. The writer of this was in that wonderful valley at the same time that Professor Whitney and his family visited it, and to visit them came the late Gaila Clarke, who was well known as a naturalist and geologist, and also as owner of the Mariposa house, just on the summit of the immense mountains that lie on the Mariposa side of the valley. With him was Mr. Muir, who is also known as one of the most learned geologists who study on that great range, California geology.

One afternoon Mr. Clarke invited us to make a quiet party and ride down to the Bridal Veil fall, where he would treat us to such a concert as we had never heard. We rode, and, after picking our way among enormous boulders, some of them as large as houses, that had fallen from time to time from the cliffs above and riding under the shade of trees that lifted their proud tops full three hundred feet above the valley, and yet seemed like saplings compared to the giant mountains skirting the beautiful Merced, whose clear waters gilded by swiftly yet so still that they gave no sound to break the silence that only the soft and melodious sigh of the pines above us, we reached the point he wished.

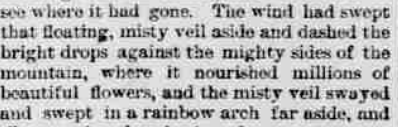
The road was really but a bird trail where one's horse had to push his way through the dense chapparal, which was in turn overgrown with wild honeysuckle and such a labyrinth of other flowers that the air was heavy with their fragrance. Nothing could be seen on the side of the river where we were but the thick verdure and great boulders among the trees, but on the other side El Capitan reared his gray head against the arching sky and grim.

Mr. Clarke remarked that in all one immovable column in a small, clear space, and turned our faces toward the east. We had heard the rush of waters, the roaring of the cataract growing louder and louder as we approached, but as in this great valley surprise followed surprise and wonder comes on the bed of wonder until we had become too bewildered with it all to understand, but before us into its rocky basin with a roar as if a thousand cliffs. The stream that fell from that sublime cliff was thin and transparent, and looked a little thing from that awful height, seen through this natural rift in the trees which made a fitting frame for so grand a picture.

The thundering of the water into that seething cauldron ceased, and we looked to see where it had gone. The wind had swept that floating mist veil aside and dashed the bright drops among the mighty sides of the mountain, where it coursed in wild and beautiful flowers, and the mist veil swayed and swept in a rainbow arch far aside, and silence reigned unbroken for one moment, and then burst forth the song of the mocking birds in the trees, the bushes, the air, until the whole forest pulsated in unison with their song.

Millions of brown coated birds there were everywhere, until the whole of our very nature seemed permeated with their music. Sometimes low and sweet, again sad and plaintive, and then full, rich and triumphant like a psalm of joy and gladness, while we looked at each other in wondering silence. Just as it seemed that the melody was unsupportedly sweet, and that our hearts could not contain more without the relief of tears or shouts, the wind died away and the water again struck with an awesome roar into its rocky hollow, with a force that made the earth tremble, and was again hushed to fumes foam and the song of the mocking birds hushed. Thus it goes on ever and ever, alternately, and last for ages, the song of the birds and the thunderous reverberation of the cataract.

MARIE DALROUSSE.



In the Adirondacks.

Tourist—I thought you knew where all those ditches and gutters were!
Guide—So I do. I've been in this ditch a dozen times before I've been out.

A Serious Loss.



Tourist—I thought you knew where all those ditches and gutters were!

Guide—So I do. I've been in this ditch a dozen times before I've been out.

A Serious Loss.

There are four entrances, one in the center of each side, which in shape resemble those of the ancient edifices of Central America and Yucatan. The only exterior opening, except the doors above named, are the windows shown in the western elevation, three of which are circular and one square. The northeast and west elevations are quite well preserved, but the southeast has fallen in several places, and is covered by large fissures, the marks of the disintegrating work of the elements. It is on this front that the first work of the government will be bestowed.

The ground plan of the building shows that all the apartments were long and narrow, and without windows. This has led some writers to suggest that the building was a great storehouse, possibly for corn, instead of the residence of the king. The ground plan shows the arrangement of these apartments and their connections. The largest room is 24 feet by 16 feet. The holes in which the ceiling timbers were placed are plainly seen, and the earlier visitors found the ends of the joists still in place and charred as though the building had been devastated by fire. These timbers were four or five inches in diameter and placed equal distances apart, in manner of placing the corresponding timbers of modern houses. Early writers say there were no evidences of the use of any sharp instrument in the construction of the building, as all of these timbers, even the timbers of the doors, some of which remained, were undressed, except for the removal of the bark. Now there is not a splinter of wood to be found, all having been carried away by relic hunters during the last half century.

It is estimated that the \$2,000 appropriated will put this monument of an extinct mighty people in a condition in which it may be preserved for many centuries at slight expense from time to time, and thus keep it from crumbling and becoming another mound on this vast plain now full of these indistinguishable ruins that mark what was at one time the site of busy life and industry.

GEORGE S. McDOWELL.

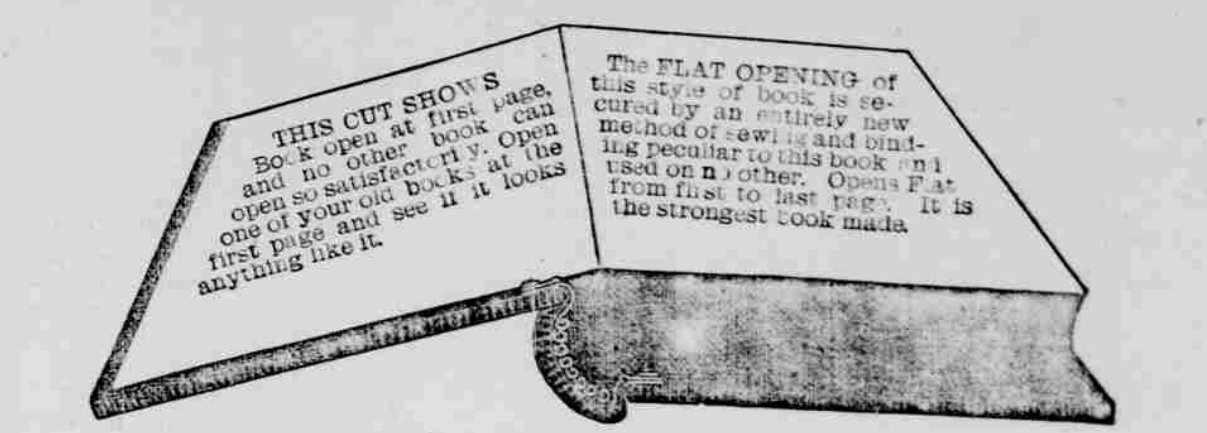
FLAT -- OPENING -- BLANK -- BOOK.

THE ONLY BOOK THAT OPENS PERFECTLY FLAT

From the first to the last page, being stronger, more flexible and more durable on account of the sewing and binding than a book possibly can be when sewed and bound by any other process.

It is the only book wherein all the sections are fastened one to another throughout the book, thus insuring great strength.

(CUT NO. 1.)



The method of obtaining this result is:

1st. By means of valuable improvements in the SEWING, securing great freedom in opening and adding materially to the STRENGTH and DURABILITY of the book.

2d. By means of SPRINGS, which are fastened at each end of the book, so that when it is opened they draw the outside covers together, thus shortening the width between covers, and bending the book up to a sharp bend in the back, as shown in cuts 1 and 2. When open at or near the front the springs pull the top cover down and inward, and at the same time lift up the lower cover, drawing it inward. This action raises up the inside leaves higher than the top cover, giving the flat surface so long desired by bookkeepers.

SEWING.

As is well known, a source of frequent trouble in making books by the old methods, is in the sewing. A single thread breaking, or a stitch losing its hold, will occasion an entire section of twenty pages to come out, necessitating the re-binding of the book, causing loss of time and much inconvenience. By this new method a thread may be cut throughout an entire section and not a leaf will be disturbed; nor, should every parchment break, will there be the slightest trouble or inconvenience—the book will remain unharmed.

(CUT NO. 2.)



There is no strain on the book when open, or if any, it is upon the cover, the leather joints of which are prevented by the springs from spreading apart, and the cover of the book is preserved from flattening when open. This peculiar action can be secured in no other way. Nor does the weight of the accountant who is disposed to rest upon his book, affect in the least its shape or symmetry.

Another great advantage is, that books, especially large ones, are kept from losing their shape.

THEY CANNOT BE FLATTENED OUT IN THE BACK

nor is there any strain on the sections as in the old style of blank books, and therefore there can be no danger of the sections cracking or becoming loose. This book is especially adapted for

Commercial Houses, Banks, Insurance Companies, Abstractors, County Officers, Railroads, and Others.

RE-BINDING.

This improvement is of special value in the case of County Records; or any blank books long in use, and require re-binding. It is being manufactured today by our leading blank book makers throughout the large cities.

This book is manufactured for Kansas and the Indian Territory only by

THE -- EAGLE,
M. M. MURDOCK & BRO. R. P. MURDOCK, Bus Mgr.
WICHITA, -- KANSAS.

EXERCISE FOR WOMEN.

IN OLD TIMES THEIR STRENGTH WAS
EQUAL TO THAT OF MAN.Woman Is Now Weaker Because She Has
Not Taken as Much Exercise—Better
Day Coming—Through Dress Reform
Would Hasten It Along.

"Well, what is it now?" The visitor sat down in the doctor's handsomely appointed office and proceeded to open his budget.

"We want to find out why it is that women need so much less exercise than men. There is only one well appointed gymnasium for women in the city, and that belongs to a men's club; there are a score of men riding in the park to one woman; and more men bow and swim and run and do half a hundred things that women never attempt. If a man is a little out of gear, his physician promptly recommends some kind of exercise especially adapted to the particular malady he has or fancies he has, and he recovers. Now, why don't fashionable physicians send their women patients, who are half sick all the time, to receive among a horde of men, to be raised the signal of distress. When the ship came alongside he made known his need of something every fifteen minutes."

CONVENTIONALLY THE DOCTOR.

"I say," responded the doctor, "that women do need as much exercise as men, but they are not at present able to endure the fatigue it engenders. In the early ages women and men were possessed of equal strength, lived and toiled alike in the open air, and rested beneath their own vine and fig tree, now wearying themselves about the amount of fruit they garnered so long as it satisfied their need, not over anxious that their day be larger and their bunches of grapes heavier than those of their neighbors. As civilization advanced women grew more respected and beloved. She was not allowed to go into the fight or bow the burdens as before. She was and is now as tenderly cared for and carefully nurtured that her constitution gradually degenerated, until it is now very much inferior to that of man. Civilization has enervated her into a creature whose strength is

and a hundred times that the woman under the flag never dreamed of. Conventionally has enervated and perverted the also institute that mother nature bestowed upon her. She binds her waist with unyielding steel so that she cannot breathe; she hangs weight on her hips so that she cannot run, seals the cleansing pores of her skin with cosmetics, and takes her only exercise on shopping tours, and walks in the park, and sits in the car, and is a rational way is her only needed remedy is frowned upon, and his treatment inspires no confidence."

"Perhaps they are like the old ruler who went to the prophet to be cured of a dread disease, and was rather disgusted to find him simply to go and wash himself in the Jordan."

"Yes, if physicians recommended to them some complicated course of exercise to be taken in a gymnasium they might have more faith; but there are no women's gymnasia, and for them to stand round and dis while waiting for the gymnast to be consulted, reminds me of the story of a captain who steered his ship into an unknown river, which he thought was full of salt water. The ship's supply of water became exhausted, and the crew were slowly dying of thirst, when another ship was sighted and he raised the signal of distress. When the ship came alongside he made known his need of water."

"Water?" shouted the stranger. "Why, man, the river is full of it. There's fresh water all round you. Do with the exercise disease, and was rather disgusted to find him simply to go and wash himself in the Jordan."

"Yes, if physicians recommended to them some complicated course of exercise to be taken in a gymnasium they might have more faith; but there are no women's gymnasia, and for them to stand round and dis while waiting for the gymnast to be consulted, reminds me of the story of a captain who steered his ship into an unknown river, which he thought was full of salt water. The ship's supply of water became exhausted, and the crew were slowly dying of thirst, when another ship was sighted and he raised the signal of distress. When the ship came alongside he made known his need of water."

"Water?" shouted the stranger. "Why, man, the river is full of it. There's fresh water all round you. Do with the exercise disease, and was rather disgusted to find him simply to go and wash himself in the Jordan."

"Yes, if physicians recommended to them some complicated course of exercise to be taken in a gymnasium they might have more faith; but there are no women's gymnasia, and for them to stand round and dis while waiting for the gymnast to be consulted, reminds me of the story of a captain who steered his ship into an unknown river, which he thought was full of salt water. The ship's supply of water became exhausted, and the crew were slowly dying of thirst, when another ship was sighted and he raised the signal of distress. When the ship came alongside he made known his need of water."

and a hundred times that the woman under the flag never dreamed of. Conventionally has enervated and perverted the also institute that mother nature bestowed upon her. She binds her waist with unyielding steel so that she cannot breathe; she hangs weight on her hips so that she cannot run, seals the cleansing pores of her skin with cosmetics, and takes her only exercise on shopping tours, and walks in the park, and sits in the car, and is a rational way is her only needed remedy is frowned upon, and his treatment inspires no confidence."

"Perhaps they are like the old ruler who went to the prophet to be cured of a dread disease, and was rather disgusted to find him simply to go and wash himself in the Jordan."

"Yes, if physicians recommended to them some complicated course of exercise to be taken in a gymnasium they might have more faith; but there are no women's gymnasia, and for them to stand round and dis while waiting for the gymnast to be consulted, reminds me of the story of a captain who steered his ship into an unknown river, which he thought was full of salt water. The ship's supply of water became exhausted, and the crew were slowly dying of thirst, when another ship was sighted and he raised the signal of distress. When the ship came alongside he made known his need of water."

"Water?" shouted the stranger. "Why, man, the river is full of it. There's fresh water all round you. Do with the exercise disease, and was rather disgusted to find him simply to go and wash himself in the Jordan."

"Yes, if physicians recommended to them some complicated course of exercise to be taken in a gymnasium they might have more faith; but there are no women's gymnasia, and for them to stand round and dis while waiting for the gymnast to be consulted, reminds me of the story of a captain who steered his ship into an unknown river, which he thought was full of salt water. The ship's supply of water became exhausted, and the crew were slowly dying of thirst, when another ship was sighted and he raised the signal of distress. When the ship came alongside he made known his need of water."

"Water?" shouted the stranger. "Why, man, the river is full of it. There's fresh water all round you. Do with the exercise disease, and was rather disgusted to find him simply to go and wash himself in the Jordan."

"Yes, if physicians recommended to them some complicated course of exercise to be taken in a gymnasium they might have more faith; but there are no women's gymnasia, and for them to stand round and dis while waiting for the gymnast to be consulted, reminds me of the story of a captain who steered his ship into an unknown river, which he thought was full of salt water. The ship's supply of water became exhausted, and the crew were slowly dying of thirst, when another ship was sighted and he raised the signal of distress. When the ship came alongside he made known his need of water."

"Water?" shouted the stranger. "Why, man, the river is full of it. There's fresh water all round you. Do with the exercise disease, and was rather disgusted to find him simply to go and wash himself in the Jordan."

"Yes, if physicians recommended to them some complicated course of exercise to be taken in a gymnasium they might have more faith; but there are no women's gymnasia, and for them to stand round and dis while waiting for the gymnast to be consulted, reminds me of the story of a captain who steered his ship into an unknown river, which he thought was full of salt water. The ship's supply of water became exhausted, and the crew were slowly dying of thirst, when another ship was sighted and he raised the signal of distress. When the ship came alongside he made known his need of water."

"Water?" shouted the stranger. "Why, man, the